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JAN. 1947

20 CENTS

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ELIOT



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

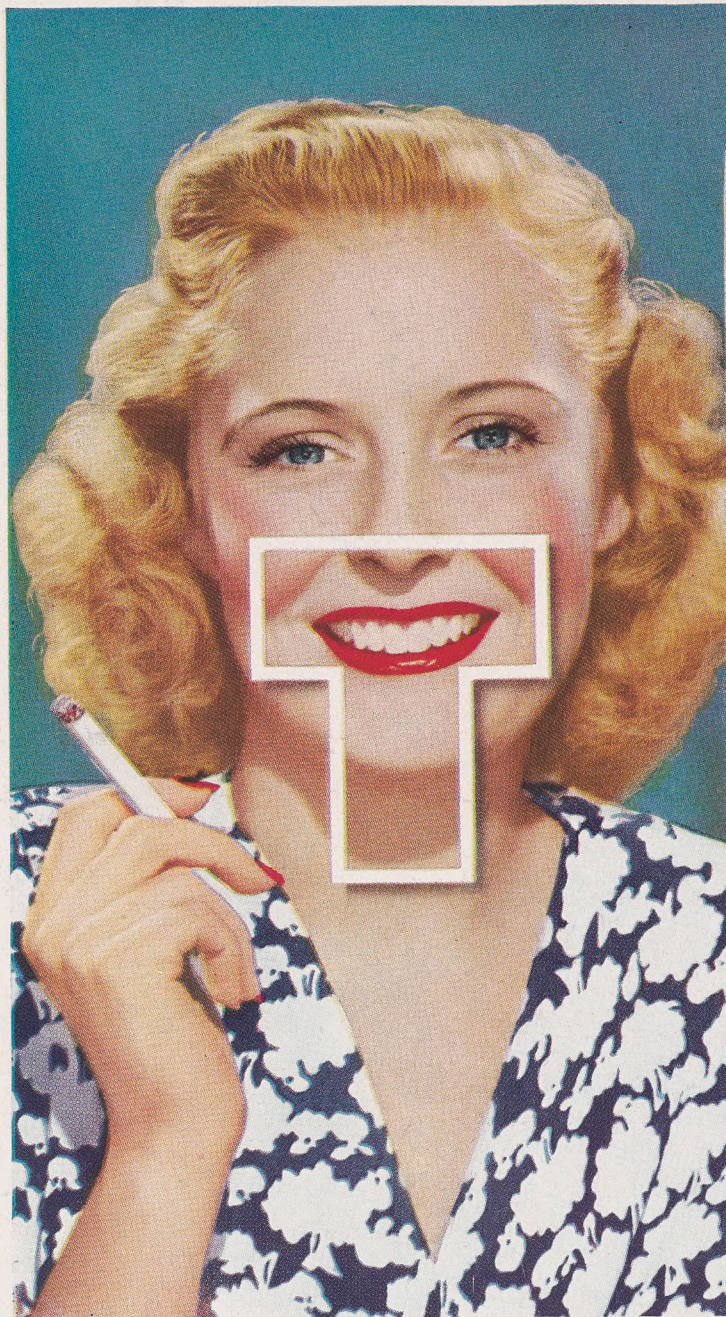
● Like the rest of us, doctors smoke for pleasure. Their taste recognizes and appreciates full flavor and cool mildness just as yours does.

And when 113,597 doctors were asked to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camels than any other brand.

Three nationally known independent research organizations conducted the survey. They queried doctors in every branch of medicine.



R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem,
North Carolina



*Your "T-Zone"
will tell you*

T for Taste...

T for Throat...

● Taste and Throat...your "T-Zone"
...that's your proving ground for
any cigarette.

See how your own critical taste
responds to the rich, full flavor of
Camel's choice tobaccos.
Tobaccos of uncompromis-
ing quality . . . tobaccos
blended in the fine, tra-
ditional Camel way.

See how *your* throat
reacts to the cool mild-
ness of Camels.

See if Camels don't
suit *your* "T-Zone"
to a "T."



Stix, Baer & Fuller



Beauty Kit... **\$4.95**

**Keep your complexion lovely . . .
Protect your skin against winter with**

DERMETICS AGELESS BEAUTY PROGRAM

BLUSHING—Blush your way to beauty...watch rosy color surge to your skin and leave it tingling with surface stimulation. 1 oz. **\$1.25**

SOIL ABSORBING—Cleanse with this velvety, quick action cleanser of delicate Hydronized oils for radiant, fresh skin. 2 oz. **\$1**

NITE EMOLLIENT—Combat dry skin...let the emollient effect help make you lovelier every sleeping moment. 1 oz. **\$1.25**

COMPLEXION LOTION—Gives you a lovely wide awake look...excellent for burning, itching, irritated skin conditions. 2 oz. **\$1**

COMPLEXION DRESS—Wear this transparent film of fine Hydronized oils under your make-up. Protects against harsh winds. 1 oz. **\$1.25**

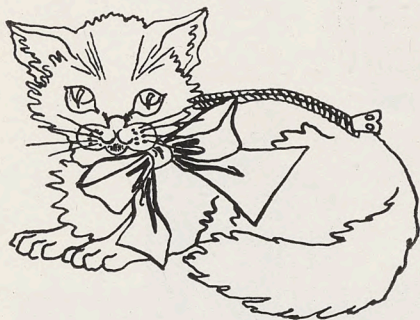
ARTIST PORTRAIT MAKE-UP—New vibrant colors that delicately compliment your natural love lines. Lipstick, **\$1**; Rouge, **\$1**; Moisture resisting powder. **\$1.25**

Plus 20% Federal Tax
SBF Cosmetics . . . Street Floor

Passed



Perfect

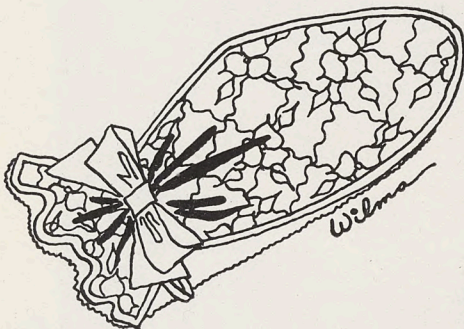
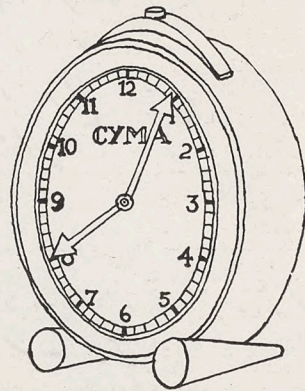


Father Time would be proud of his progeny, the CY MA.A 7 jewel Tavan-nes Swiss-made alarm clock. One key winds time and alarm. Luminous dials. No bigger than grandpa's watch, 1" thick—2" in diameter. Ivory, pink or yellow gold. \$15.

STEINER JEWELER, 7718 Forsyth

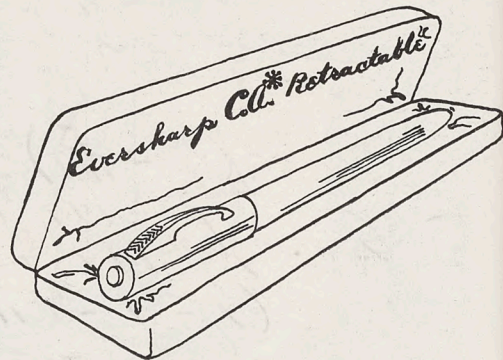
This is the kitten so kute and kuddly that lies on the bed, that stands in the dorm. Conceals the PJ's until bed time. White plush, zipper back. \$6. "As You Like It."

7716 Forsyth



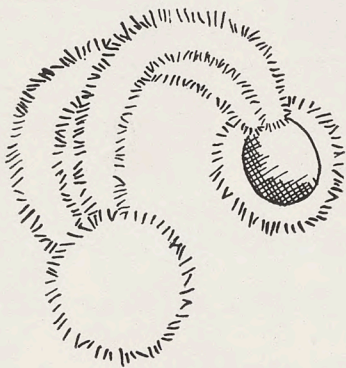
Get ready—get set—Go! For those exams, a never-dry Eversharp cartridge pen. Writes on any material; make notes on cuff or thumbnail. Swell for swimmers, writes under water. Gold-filled, life guarantee. Only \$5.

ALFRED STEINER, Clayton



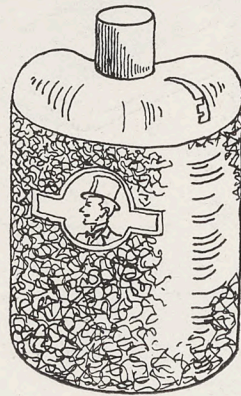
The mitt you like to shake, delicately fragrant dusting powder. Satin brocade backs of pastel hues with white velvet palms. Including 3 refills. \$2.50.

GUTMANS in Clayton



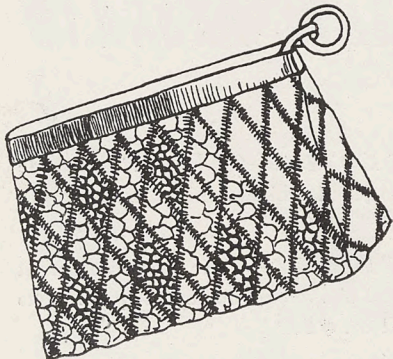
Gentlemen's Eau-de-Cologne by Charbert; a good grooming essential. Could be refilled. Right size, one pint. Leather covered. Concave back fits the hip. \$5.

BOYDS' NEW STORE, Clayton



Don't look like a hayseed with red ears. Keep them warm with rabbit fur ear muffs. The very latest and oh so charming, they do something for you. Halo double band. \$2.95.

PECK & PECK, 7734 Forsyth

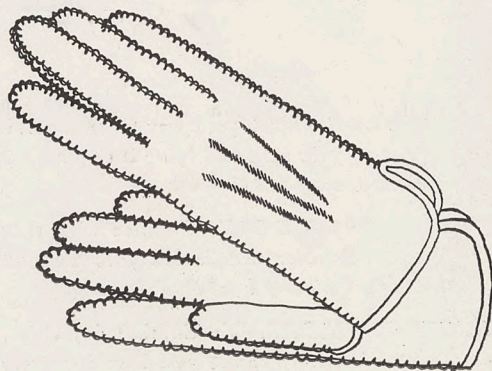


This attractive 5 by 6 inch purse made of multicolored diamond-shaped bits of lizard skin, with zipper and plastic ring pull, dangles lightly on finger. Convenient, but ample for do-daddles and lots of lettuce. \$5.50.

PECK & PECK, Clayton

Gloves of skin you love to touch, deer skin. Whip-stitched and comfortably cut for active hands. Gloves that grow old gracefully with wear and tear. \$5 up.

BOYDS' in Clayton



ELIOT

JANUARY 1947

Volume 3

Number 4

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AROUND TOWN

DANCING

AL'S, 9012 Gravois Rd. (FL. 9826)—A homey, modernistic establishment and utopia for steak lovers where the Boy Blue Trio, under the direction of Elmer Theiss, play neat lyrical concoctions for dancing beginning week nights at 9:00 and Saturdays at 8:00. Dinner from 5:00. Minimum \$1.00 per person.

BRENTWOOD COCKTAIL LOUNGE, 8804 Brentwood Blvd. (WE. 2307)—Not the best hideaway to squire your little woman. The Rhythm Islanders supply so-so musical racket from 8:30 to 12:00 on Friday and Saturday nights. No cover.

CANDLELIGHT HOUSE, 7800 Clayton Rd. (HI. 3169)—Fat candles give a romantic glow to this place which is always jammed with the University crowd and twittering bobbie-sockers. Tommy Walters and his trio make satisfactory keening for stompers from 9:00 to 1:00. Dinner, 4:30-9:30. Minimum: weekdays, seventy-five cents; Saturdays, \$1.00 in the main dining room.

CHASE HOTEL, 212 N. Kingshighway Blvd. (RO. 2500)—Eddy Howard's orchestra continues to placate the opulent clientele in the *Chase Club*. Ray Anthony takes the bandstand the 28th for a month's sojourn. Minimum \$1.00 per person week nights; \$2.00 Saturdays and holidays.

In the plush *Zodiac*, Sonny Mars draws big chuckles because of his scurrilous antics. Lloyd Bartlett and his orchestra blare overpoweringly for nightly jumping and tea dancing Saturdays, 4-6.

CIRCUS CLUB, 2728 LaFayette (PR. 9962)—A weathered and lilliputian catacomb with murals of African wild life and unclad savages covering its walls. There's an interesting story behind the paintings concerning a Gauguin artist. Hot dance music from 9:00 to 1:30.

EL AVION, Manchester Road, west of Lindbergh Blvd. (TE. 3-2750)—Sotto lyrics furnished by Ray De Vinney's orchestra at this darksome spot. Nice for an important date and for showy footwork because of the large and usually not-too-crowded dance floor. Dinner after 4:30; dancing, 9-1:00.

FRONTIER BAR, 819 Lucas. (GA. 7114)—This divey establishment resembles M. G. M.'s version of a western saloon of the last century, complete with prodigious mooses' heads, crudely paneled walls, etc. The exterior is characterized by a wagon wheel studded with green lights. Tom McHenry's orchestra plays for dancing from 8:30-12:30 nightly except Sundays. No cover or minimum.

JEFFERSON HOTEL, 415 N. 12th Blvd. (MA. 4600)—Tony Di Pardo waves the baton at the handsome *Club Continental* while Anne Ryan croons sweetly for placid dancers. The Danwall Brothers and Charlene, three young acrobats, enliven things further with their polished and often breathtaking agilities. Minimum: \$1.00 per person week nights; \$2.00 Sundays and holidays.

KINGS-WAY HOTEL, 108 N. Kingshighway (RO. 1800)—In the *Crown Room*, Kenny Sheibal's Continentals present their lyrical stylization, "Adventures in Music" starring Forest.



PARK PLAZA, 220 N. Kingshighway. (FO. 3300)—Carmen Le Fave's orchestra plays torrid, Spanish bounce music good and loud in the ornate *Crystal Terrace*.

ROOSEVELT HOTEL, 4903 Delmar. (FO. 4100)—In the *Wonder Bar*—unusual because of its aquariums of goldfish that wiggle contentedly inside a glass wall—Bob Price's orchestra makes serene melodies. Dancing is from 9 to 12:30.

SHANGRI-LA CLUB, 6600 Watson Road. (FL. 6600)—Walter Padelford and his trio with Johnny Eck, vocalist, play specialty and novelty numbers in a gaudy, aqua and pink satin setting. Dinner, 11 a. m.-1 a. m. Cover: \$1.50.

TUNE TOWN, 3517 Olive. (JE. 6125)—Erskine Hawkins continues to bring big-time swing to this leviathan. Freddie Slack is calendared to arrive the 21st, followed by Count Basie, one of jazz music's most rugged individualists.

VAN HORN'S, 9321 Litszinger Rd. (RE. 0948)—A barney, Victorian retreat made inviting by the bespeckled host, Mr. Van Horn, an amusing floor show, Bennie Rader's band on Saturday nights and a roomy dance floor.

DINING

BELVEDERE JOE, INC., 1407 Brentwood. (RE. 2828)—Long-time favorite of dorm and fraternity house dwellers, this spacious and congenial place is notable because of its huge steaks at a peasant's price. There's a special room for organizational banquets and parties.

BEVO MILL, 4749 Gravois Ave. (HU. 2626)—A subdued, pretentious hostelry contains three dining rooms glossed by gargoyles, an illusionary star-speckled roof, and similar trappings. Nice for upper-bracket diners. Sam Jones blows south-of-the-average music through dinner and for dancing.

EDMOND'S, 3185 Gravois. (LA. 5635)—Connoisseurs of sea foods swear by this lovely, sophisticated establishment. Besides the elegant East Room, there's the Green Room embellished by a chef-d'oeuvre among pine-paneled ceilings and the rustic Gun Room for private parties.

MEDART'S, 7036 Clayton Rd. (ST. 1227)—A crowded, cranny inhabited by hungry hilltoppers outside as well as inside, all hours of the day and night. The prices are reasonable, the food is good, and the service is very, very draggy.

YACOVELLI'S, 375 Big Bend. (PA. 7894)—W. U. loafers are all over the place. There're moderately priced snack-chow, and inflationary dinner prices.

MUSIC AND ENTERTAINMENT

BLACK FOREST, 6432 Gravois. (FL. 1830)—A Germanic, noisy establishment with Budweiser bottles flanked on the chandeliers which is frequented by uninhibited characters. Everyone dances the polka, the Schottische and plays Muffin Man with everybody else.

CARASAL, 1110 Locust St. (GA. 3587)—Novelistic, with its revolving bar and leather nooks, this pretty spot reverberates with the smooth strains of the Elmer Trutsch trio from 5:00 to 1:30 a. m.

CHARLIE'S 4573 Laclede. (RO. 3587)—A vaporous, divey place where Phi Bet's and Nu Sig's dwell at the tables as well as under the tables. The juke box plays wrapped recordings of lesser known but interesting songs. Further aesthetic honors are handled by the med boys who harmonize on shady fraternity ballads.

CHASE HOTEL, 212 Kingshighway. (RO. 9826)—The bepalmed *Steeple Chase* continues to feature the popular Joe Schirmer trio.

FOREST PARK HOTEL, 4910 W. Pine. (RO. 3500)—Stuff Smith's trio make jazzy improvisations, never played the same way twice in the ultra-modern *Circus Snack Bar*. Smith fiddles on an electric violin; Wendell Marshall strums the string bass; and Charles Fox's fingers caper at the piano from 8 p. m. until closing. There is a special jam session every Saturday afternoon, 4-6.

SID GATES, 19 Brentwood. (DE. 0913)—A traditional hangout which is undistinguishable from the campus.

GRAHAM'S, 9855 Manchester. (WE. 2840)—There're always good cheer and lots of familiar plowed figures here. Most people love it like home.

JEFFERSON HOTEL, 415 St. Charles. (CE. 7500)—The *Rendezvous*, a smoky, reserved mushroom features Maxine and Her Men of Note—all of whom are unobtrusive and can do no harm.



Compliments

of

YACAVELLI'S

375 Big Bend

PArkview 7894

KING'S, 507 N. 9th. (GA. 8215)—A conveniently located little nook crowded with eighteenth century paintings, antique dishes, and nude statuettes, and stirred by the contemplative strains of Roy Jackson's piano and console music from 9 to 1:30.

HICKORY HOUSE, 2652 Hampton Ave. (HI. 9809)—Top-notch jazz and classical music dispensed by pianist Clarence Brandon, a St. Louis boy, who formerly played with the Slim Gaillard Trio in Hollywood, and terrific jazz concerts every Saturday, 3-6. Their food is so famous that we feel it unnecessary to reiterate its merits.

HOBBY HORSE, 8229 Clayton. (CA. 9754)—A tiny, easygoing standby where the customers idle for hours and hours.



LITTLE BOHEMIA, 220 4th St. (GA. 8071)—Permeated with artistic atmosphere, the decor here runs to painted window panes, mural-covered walls, and abstract sculpture dangling from the ceiling. Tommy Ryan, frequently assisted by the "dwarf" and other customers, makes a wonderful racket on the piano nightly. During the day, one may play checkers and listen to an unusual selection of juke music.

MURAL ROOM, 401 De Baliviere and Waterman. (RO. 4600)—The name of this retreat characterizes its interior. Its dark, subdued atmosphere is intensified by the in-the-background music of pianist-organist, Russ Haviland. Request numbers are in order.

PARK PLAZA HOTEL, 220 N. Kings-highway. (FO. 3300)—The Novel-Aires, with Jean Webb as vocalist, give two shows nightly, at 10:30 and 12:30, in the *Merry-Go-Round*. They specialize in comedy and novelty numbers with the clowning of the four members of the unit—Chuck Freeman, Vincent Neist, Rene Favre, and Walter Knirr.



Fine Food

and

Entertainment

at

AL'S

9012 Gravois Rd. FL. 9826

featuring

BOY BLUE TRIO

Dancing

Steaks - Chicken - Frog Legs



little bohemia

exhibits

American Painting

*in coordination with
Associated American Artists
Galleries of New York*

*"Pictures should be hung where
anyone can look at them. . .
I'd like to show mine in a Saloon."
—Thos. Hart Benton*

**December 2, 1946 to March 1, 1947
two-twenty on south fourth st.
at clark ave.**

Meet your fellow students

at

**SID GATES
BUFFET**

**19 BRENTWOOD BLVD.
CLAYTON**

KLINE'S *juniors*



The Eliot girl-of-the-month... wearing a

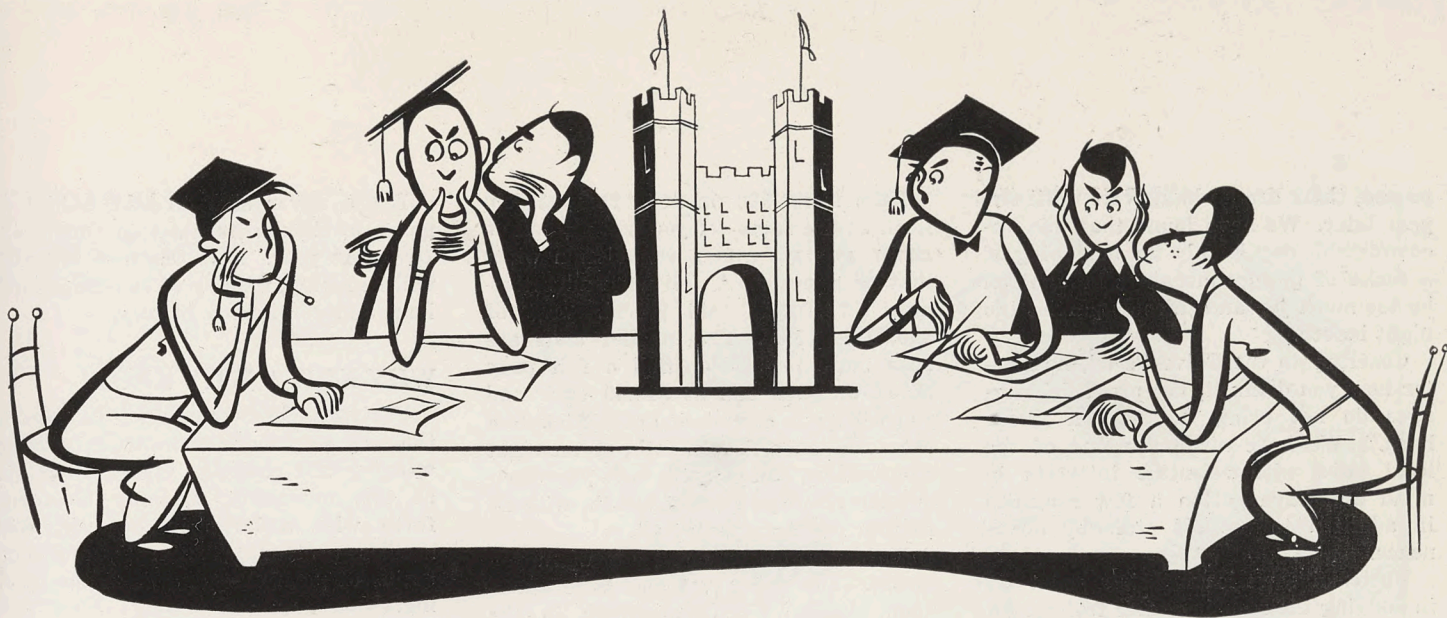
**Carlye original...
only at Kline's...**

Miss Gloria Gross, member of Pi Beta Phi...

junior in the School of Liberal Arts, was Eliot's choice to model this Carlye original. Miss Gross' sparkling personality is radiant in this wool jersey dress with felt appliqued mad money pocket. In sea spray, quick silver and azalea pink; sizes 9 to 15. **29.95**

KLINE'S junior shop, second floor





THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

BRAVE NEW YEAR

Eliot considers itself fortunate in that it has procured the New Year's resolutions of some of the more important campus institutions. These resolutions are reiterated here for the edification of the student body.

Campus Y has resolved to have more and better Sex Lectures next year. They have decided to try to keep the level of the lectures down to the plane of intelligence and maturity of the student body, and are going to discuss, "How to avoid holding hands on a date." They have concluded that it is advisable to use abstract pronoun, such as "it", rather than difficult physiological terms such as "petting" in generalizations, such as "Drinking makes you do it."

Student Senate has decided never to have a quorum at meetings to expedite passage of important measures such as "Should we have doorstops." It has also made up its mind to call at least two special meetings for each regular meeting.

The Proprietors of the Women's Building Cafeteria have promised to charge 15c for a tablespoon of salad dressing instead of the present 10c, in order to get the cafeteria the reputation of a "Quality Eating Place."

Dean Magdsick's Office has determined to give every student another psychological test, and to re-evaluate everyone's credits in accordance with their scores on these tests.

The Business School has resolved to give twenty-five discussion questions instead of the usual fifteen on all hour exams.

The Sororities have decided to set a minimum cost for all sorority dances at

\$800.00 because—"After all, we have to think of social prestige."

The Women's Physical Education Department has resolved to buy 20 brooms for use as snow sweepers during bad weather so that hockey may go on. It has also made plans for an outdoor swimming pool to be used in January to rectify the present lack of Vitamin D among W. U. Students.

The Psychology Department has resolved to move over to the Forest Park Zoo so that they may provide an ideal environment for their pets—dogs, kittens, monkeys, rats, and candidates for M.A. degrees.

The Fraternities have made up their minds to swear in complete pledge classes for 1947-48 by June 10th, 1947, instead of waiting until the customary two months before rushing starts.

The Independents Association has determined to incorporate one-tenth of one per cent of the independent students on campus into their body, so that at last the independents can start to function in an active manner.

The Library has decided to have reserved seats, starting February 1st, and to place a row of chairs inside the entrance next to the desk to enable students waiting for reference books to rest more comfortably.

Mr. Morrison has decided to make more private parking lots for the faculty. These are to extend from Skinker to Big Bend. Students, as they are young and vigorous, are expected to park

in areas adjacent to the University, for the walk will do them good.

The Art School is going to redecorate its locker rooms so that art students can eat their lunch in surroundings conducive to good digestion.

Student Life has promised never to mention the name of Dr. Arthur Holly Compton, famed atomic bomb scientist and chancellor of Washington University, in accordance with advice given to the paper by this magazine.

The Brewin' Bruins have decided that their main purpose for 1947 will be the establishment of a tradition on this campus—the tradition of fraternity open houses every week, with free beer and pretzels for all.

FINALITY

There are screams of anguish from the student body at the mere mention of the "new" final system. Personally, we think it has its advantages—there is the happy thought of seeing our favorite professors for three mornings instead of only once. And of course it practically does away with that horrible situation of cramming. There is another unpleasant institution it will probably do away with too—there will be no ugly A's to mar any student's record.

REALITY

What great things are happening this month—New Year's eve, finals, and all sorts of parties and dances. Some students are under the impression that when that horrid day Jan. 1st has



passed, there are no hangovers until one year later. We have found that this uncomfortable day is only the beginning of a series of groggy mornings brought on by too much joy and juice at parties the night before.

Contrary to the Calvert's ad, no matter how you drink it, the proofed beverages do not bring the user a "clear head." We have made a round of the local pubs with scientific interests in mind and have gotten a few remedies in addition to the old stand-by abstinence.

Buttermilk, we learned, is a great aid in dodging the morning-after feeling. In some circles the whole group of merry-makers will slug some of the stuff that skies are made of before going into that bottle of Johnny Walker Black. Along the same lines there is a school of milk of magnesia addicts who will, before the parties, quaff a portion of that vile solution. Both of these schools of thought are positive that their concoction is the best of any and advocate its use to anyone that happens to suggest a little imbibing spree.

There are the vitamin group, who will, between the last drink and bedtime, swallow some pills with the assurance that they will awake feeling fine. These people, along with the buttermilk and magnesia advocates, belong to the prevention group. We found that there is also the "cure" clan who when they find their head twice its normal size, will drink or eat something that they are sure is the boon to drinking mankind.

Tomato juice in different combinations with lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, pepper, and other violent materials is very common in this group. One school claims that sauerkraut (very juicy) will have the sufferer in a condition for anything in an amazingly short length of time. Many believe that beer or rum the next morning will take care of the impaired body.

Such are the results of a stimulating research into the field of drinking and we pass them along to you for what they are worth.

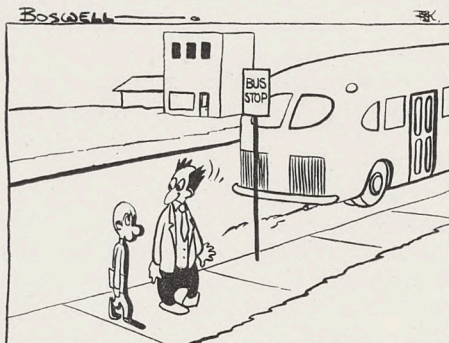
FRUGALITY

Students looking for part time jobs are missing a good bet if they ignore the possibilities of working for the Student Publications Bureau—the student-managed advertising concern for all campus student publications.

Selling advertising for *Hatchet*, *Ternion*, *ELIOT*, and *Student Life* has two major recommendations. It is profitable, and it fits in with going to school as few part time jobs do.

Here is no 50c an hour campus job. Look at the facts—if you sell an ad for *ELIOT*, you get a 15% commission when that ad appears. A full page advertisement in *ELIOT* costs \$60.00. 15% of \$60.00 is \$9.00. The smaller adds are even more profitable. Sell a full page of 1/9th page ads at \$10.00 each and you will get a commission of \$13.50. Sell those ads on a four month, of an eight month basis, and you will have your commission coming in every month, with no further effort on your part.

Moreover, you can sell ads when you please. You are a vet and have afternoon classes? You can work in the morning. Only one afternoon a week free for work? You ought to be able to sell a good number of advertisements in that time. Finals coming up? You can stop work for 3 weeks until your time is at less of a premium. It sounds like a good deal to us, and were we not



editors, we would be out there selling. Incidentally, Student Publications is in Eads 13 (basement) and the man to see is Ed Caplan or Charles Georgi.

XXX

The Southern Comfort people have been sending our Southern Comfort group tremendous numbers of free napkins, coasters, and hi-jacs, all inscribed with the slogan—"Enjoy true Southern Hospitality . . . 100 proof." We have even heard it rumored that Quad Show has been presented with bottles of 100 proof, because the manufacturers of the world's finest liqueur are very happy that they are going to get all the publicity that an effort such as Washington University's Quad Show, widely publicized and well known as it is, will give to their name.

We hear that the members of the Quad Show are going to throw a terrific secret party after they have produced show of said name, but until then they cannot use any of the Southern Comfort material, for it all contains some printed reference to liquor.

ELIOT, never slow to take a hint, is going to change its name to *Old Grand Dad* next year. It is felt that this title will be fitting, in view of our magazine's long and continuous history.

WHY KNIT? WHY KNOT!

Christmas is over and so, we hope, is the recent epidemic of knitting, purling, weaving and clicking. Every other girl at this university suddenly blossomed forth with a large lumpy bag, with needles protruding from it, and long trains of yarn dragging from the opening.

There were argyle charts and bobbins and knitting books—and in all classes there was a continual click click of knitting pins. It is a sad reflection on the temporary nature of life to think that some of those tan, green, brown, yellow and red argyles, looped and stitched by loving hands, have already had holes worn in their heels by the happy giftee and have shrunk under the tortures of the washerwoman.

We notice that a few hardy girls are still knitting, they will tell you if you ask them, that they are preparing for Christmas, 1947.

Drunk (to bartender): "Gimme a horse's neck."

2nd Drunk: "I'll have a horse's tail. There's no use killing two of them."

Captain to the first mate: "If this storm continues, I'll have to heave too."

Familiarity breeds attempt.

He: "Do you know why girls walk home?"

She: "No. Why?"

He: "Never mind. Let's go for a ride."

Washu Joe: "My prof said I was a young man who would go far."

Lindenwood Sue: "You're going just so far—no matter what your prof said."

The bride was very much concerned upon finding twin beds in the hotel room. When asked what was the matter, she replied: "I certainly thought we would get a room all to ourselves."

Well-dressed man, cigar in hand, falling through the air from an airplane: "Gad! That wasn't the washroom after all!"

CLIQUEISH COMBINES

Barbara Eisenhardt, Tri Delt
Dave Gardner, TKE

Billie Fischer, Kappa
Dick Kurman, SAE

Doris Eckstein, IWA
Johnny (we don't know his
last name either)

Louise Allen, Gamma Phi
Bob Jordan, Phi Delt

Barbara Brinkmeyer, Delta
Gamma
Sam Vickroy, KA

Sallie Rogers, Pi Phi
Jim Taylor, Phi Delt

Janine Schulenburg, Theta
Ralph Copp, Beta

Jane Williams, Delta Gamma
Chuck Wilhelmi, Beta

Ace Knighten, Kappa
John Lake, SAE

Margy Rice, Alpha Chi
Travis Wright, Theta Xi

Gloria Gross, Pi Phi
Jack Reed, Phi Delt

Betty Silman, Gamma Phi
Bob Donnell, Sigma Chi

Claudia Tichenor, Delta
Gamma

Jim Michael, Beta

Evie White, Kappa
Paul Young, Sigma Chi

Joanne Stoll, Tri Delt
John Chassels, TKE

Dena Long
Lee Kassab, Sigma Nu

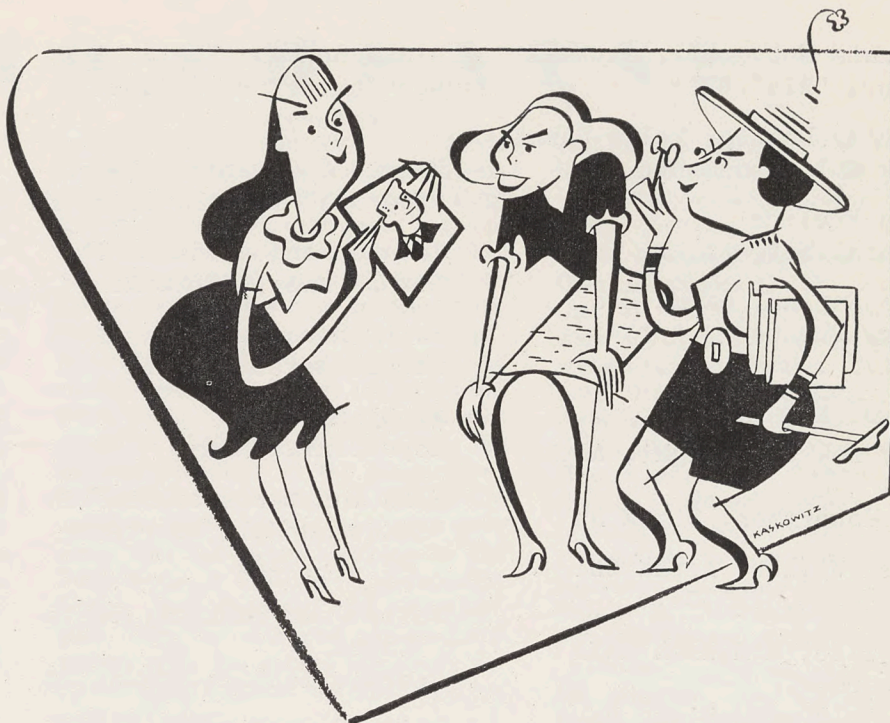
Mary Kendall, Kappa
Bill Widmer

Norma Jean Nickles, Alpha Xi
Bob Bosche, TKE

Joan Tucker, Pi Phi
Leigh Doxsee, SAE

Zelda Mae Morris, ZTA
Roy Sherwood, Sigma Nu

Marge McCown, Delta Gamma
Barney Marks, TKE



BETWEEN BELLES

Joan Falvey, Theta
Bob Salisbury, Phi Delt

Betty Cooper
George Murray, Beta

Vivian Smart, Theta
John Mosley, Sigma Chi

Kassie Forster, Kappa
John Vahlkamp, Phi Delt

TROUBLESOME TRIANGLES

Ed Moreland, Sigma Chi
Nancy Pearce, Delta Gamma
Frank Haley, SAE

Keith Richards, SAE
Nancy Schwarz, Theta
Charlie French, SAE

Joyce McRoberts, Theta
Bob Arts, Sigma Chi
Mary Shore Johnson, Kappa

Patty Lentz, Theta
Earl Harbison, TKE
Jean Butler, Theta

Jean Lyle, Delta Gamma
Bob Shacker, TKE
Doris Madden, Alpha Xi

Virginia Krautheim, Delta
Gamma

Dick Goyer, SAE
Pete Clark, Theta

Marty Dunbar, Pi Phi
Bill Glastris, Phi Delt
Sue McIntyre, Theta

PARTING PARTIES

Scotty Earle, Gamma Phi
Don Thompson, Sigma Nu

Jean Quigley, Alpha Xi
SAE (Northwestern)

Jean Gronemeyer, Theta
Ed O'Brien, Beta

Barbara Wolf
Bob "The Tramp" Burns,
Sigma Chi

MERRY MIDDLE-ISLERS

Dotty Rogers, Tri Delt
Don Main, Theta Xi

Lee Garfinkle, Gamma Rho
Norman Zimmerman

Peggy Kidwell
Douglas Chandler

Frannie McDougall, Alpha Xi
Robert "Wiz" White

Shirley Double, Delta Gamma
Jack Tillotson, SAE

Lois Frelich
Michael Weigert, Pi Lamb

Rose Kaplan, Gamma Rho
Jerry Parnus

PEACHY PINNINGS

Mary Lou Cartwright, Alpha
Xi

Ace Robertson, Sigma Nu

Jerry Waller, Alpha Chi
Art Ronat, Phi Delt

Pat Tise, McMillan Hall
Charmer

Pat Kelly, Mu Sigma Nu

Joyce Schwartz
Jerry Yolfe, ZBT

Leta Potter, Alpha Chi
Delta Tau Delta (West-
minster)

Virginia Lawless, Alpha Xi
(Mo. Valley College)
Bob Twilling, TKE

TRICKY TWOSOMES

Joyce Travis
Bob Hyatt, Sigma Nu

Audrey Boultinghouse, Tri
Delt

Herb Markle, TKE

Liz Skinner, Theta
Wyatt Woods, SAE

Betty Jean Williams,
Alpha Xi
Don Fleming (Northwestern)

Caroline Crooks, Delta Gamma
Bob Cowdrey, Beta

June Forbes, IWA
Jimmie Via

Dianne Davis, Kappa
Charlie Killgan

Cathie Altpeter, Pi Phi
Bill Hersey, Phi Delt

Ginny Schewe, Theta
Bob Hunter, Beta (West-
minster)

Maggie Claireborn, Kappa
"Moe Joe" Moquin, Sigma Nu

Jeanne Renner, Gamma Phi
Rex Deghuer, Theta Xi

Betty Samonn, IWA
Parks Carpenter, TKE

Betty Boland
Hoyd Clark, SAE

Sara Ann Tarrant, Pi Phi
"Handsome Hal" Wuerten-
bacher, SAE

Betty Jean Jackson, Delta
Gamma

Charlie Schmidt, Theta Xi

Betty Rogers
John Locke, IMA

Nancy Nicholas, Alpha Xi
Bill Bernard, TKE

Anna Jean Trost, Gamma Phi
Jim Smylie Phi Delt
(Princeton)

Shirley Gray, Theta
Ernie Kurtz, Sigma Chi

Nancy Godd
Ralph Koenig, Sigma Chi

Ione Hedges, Theta
Bob Covington, Beta

Marilyn Weissenborn,
Tri Delt
Sonny Stegaman

Janie Gribble, Delta Gamma
Pat Braxton, SAE

Grace Brown, Pi Phi
John Bannister, SAE

Maxine Ziegel
Gathar Clark, Phi Delt

Scotty Dick
"Rotten Robert" Fryer,
Sigma Nu

Joy Gifford, Delta Gamma
Pewee Wolf, KA

Joyce Busch, Kappa
Joe Parks, SAE

ENGAGING ENGAGEMENTS

Mary Wyandt, Kappa
Carl Cole, SAE

Bev Precht, Alpha Xi
Overseas heart throb

Marilyn Shucart, Gamma Rho
Chuck Moonshine

Lois Bolsen, Gamma Phi
Bill Hellwege, Pi KA
(Rolla)

Ila Joan Diemunsch
Roger Owen

Sandy Shaner
Bill Top, Theta Xi

Gertrude Klearman, Gamma
Rho (on parents' 20th
wedding anniversary)

TINY TIDBITS

June Gross Varley, Pi Phi--
expecting a visit from
the stork.

Sigma Nus--singing "Fat Boy"
Don't Marry That Girl" to
Harry Bott and Ginny
Handlan, Pi Phi.

John Pugh, Sigma Nu--liking
to make dates, which his
feminine heart throb
doesn't seem to mind.

ZBTs--redecorating their
house--

"Whiz" White, KPA--playing
the field and liking it--

Betty Dangerfield, Pi Phi--
making the rounds at the
SAE house with several
different escorts--

Lloyd Lee, Phi Delt--trying
to get a date with Johnny
Leinberger, Theta--

Bill Katz, Sigma Chi--after
losing two teeth in frat
basketball game, worrying
if his feminine interest
will still love him--

Dick Hetlage, Beta--breaking
down and getting a date
for New Year's Eve--

Frances Richardson

WHO CHEATS?

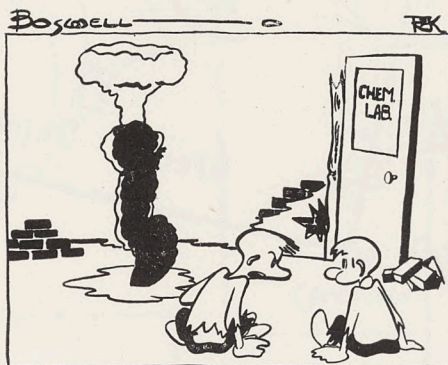
We are in the living room of the Alpha Beta Falpha fraternity house. About half a dozen members lounge on the couch and the available easy chairs. A handful of freshmen are sprawled on the floor. The evening bull session is in progress. Someone has mentioned that, today, one of the profs caught a student using a pony. And, now, the topic for discussion has turned to cheating. "About what percentage of students cheat on examinations?" one of the freshmen asks. Almost everyone has a different answer. One member is certain that practically everyone cheats when he gets the chance. Someone else is equally sure that only a relatively few people use cribs, or sit in the back of the room and compare answers. One of the boys says that the only way to get an "A" is to use a pony. And yet another relates from experience how a crib has pulled him through more than one exam which he might otherwise have failed. The poor freshman who asked the question is more confused now than he was before. Everyone seems to have a different opinion about cheating. And, if we would have asked whether anyone thought the honor system would work; or whether "A" students cheat more than "D" and "F" students; or, whether more fraternity members or more independents cheat, he would have received many different answers.

Most students have very definite ideas about the prevalence of cheating in college, but only a few have any scientific basis for their "facts." Actually, not many students are aware that scientists have studied the problem of cheating and have published their findings for the information of the educator. Not long ago, Charles A. Drake, member of a college faculty, conducted an experiment to learn something definite about cheating on the college campus. Now, Mr. Drake knew that he would never get accurate results if the students suspected what was up. So he devised a fool-proof system of conducting the experiment without anyone's catching on.

Drake arranged regular weekly examinations to be given to classes totaling one hundred twenty-six students in a college which had been using the honor system for ten years. Thus, he was able to get an idea about the effectiveness of the honor system, too. He used the objective type test so that the answers would be short, and thus be easily changed by any student desiring to cheat. In fact, only a symbol was necessary to answer each statement: + to

indicate "true," and (0) to indicate "false." The instructor collected the examinations, and Mr. Drake graded them by comparison with a prepared key. He entered the scores in a grade book, but he did not put any mark whatsoever on the papers. At the next session of the class, each student received his own paper to mark as the instructor read the correct responses. It was not at all unusual for a student to receive his own paper to grade; in fact, this was the common procedure at the school. And any student who wished to change any answers as the correct responses were being read had no trouble doing it. Mr. Drake found no evidence to indicate that anyone had suspected the deception. And, later, by comparing the students' scoring with the grades previously recorded in his book, he was able to get his data on cheating.

Of one hundred twenty-six tested, how many cheated? Drake found that thirty



had changed one or more answers to improve their scores. In fact, nine cheated once; six, twice; six, three times; seven, four times; one, five times; and one, six times. So given the opportunity, about one student in four cheated.

But, the thirty who had cheated, were they among the more intelligent or among the less intelligent students? Drake found that none was in the upper quarter on freshman intelligence tests; nine were in the second quarter; six, in the third quarter; and fifteen, in the lowest quarter. Half of all the cheaters were in the lowest intelligence level.

Did more "A" students cheat, or more failures? Failures, by far. For, considering the true averages, unaffected by the attempts to cheat, no "A" student cheated; only four per cent of the "B" students; twenty-three per cent of the "C" students; seventy-five per cent of the "D" students; and sixty-seven per

cent of the failures. The poorest students, and not the best ones, cheat the most. They cheat in proportion to their needs.

Do fraternity members cheat more than independents? Mr. Drake found that of the seventy-six students who were not fraternity members, twelve or sixteen per cent cheated. Fifty students were fraternity members. Of these, eighteen or thirty-six per cent cheated. So, in proportion to their numbers, more than twice as many fraternity members cheated as did independents. Fraternity pressure for better marks seems to be responsible for this difference, since no significant difference existed in scholarship or intelligence between the fraternity and the independent group.

Another interesting result was that, of the students who had cheated, only twenty per cent enrolled for further courses in the department where the cheating had occurred. Ninety per cent of the non-cheaters enrolled for such courses. Both lack of interest and lack of success may account for this difference.

Though some of the cynics at the Alpha Beta Falpha house may argue that this evidence is not sufficient to be conclusive, yet it is the only real evidence at hand. Here, an attempt was made to approach the subject of cheating scientifically, and the results are enlightening. They show that not all college students cheat, even when given the opportunity; actually, only about one in four cheated in this experiment. The stupid cheat more than the intelligent; fraternity members cheat more than independents; and the honor system does not work effectively at all schools.

Norman Glubok

Student—Have some peanuts?

Coed—Thanks.

Student—Want to neck?

Coed—No!

Student—Give my peanuts back.

"Hello. Is this the city bridge department?"

"Yes. What can we do for you?"

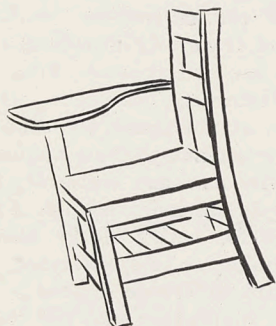
"How many points to you get for a little slam?"

Advice to Coeds:

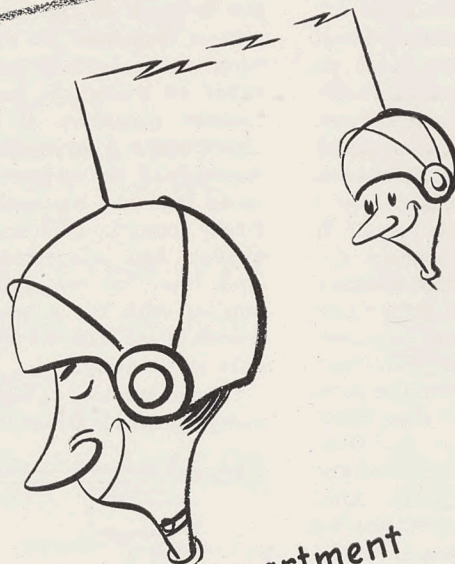
If you write illegibly when you sign out, it won't be so obvious when you come in.

NOTES

on face



The N-X Technique



Dream Department



Smoker's Savior



Nylon Delight



Osmosis

Dear Prof:
Please excuse
John from
his exams
Mrs. Johns

DICK HENDERSON

snails



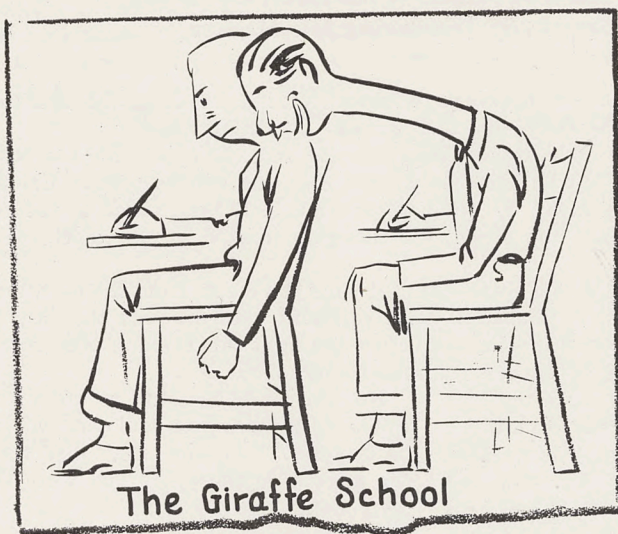
The Educated Toe



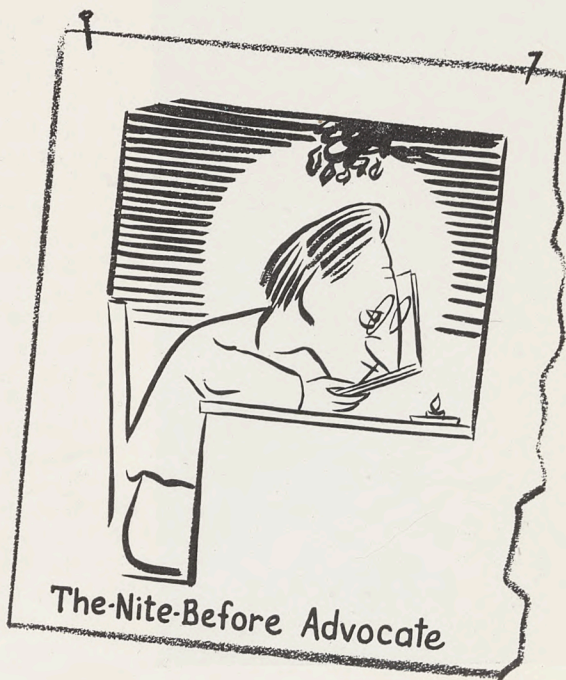
The Roman Surprise



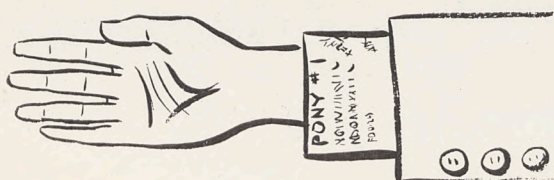
The Gambler
(prevalent in T+F test)



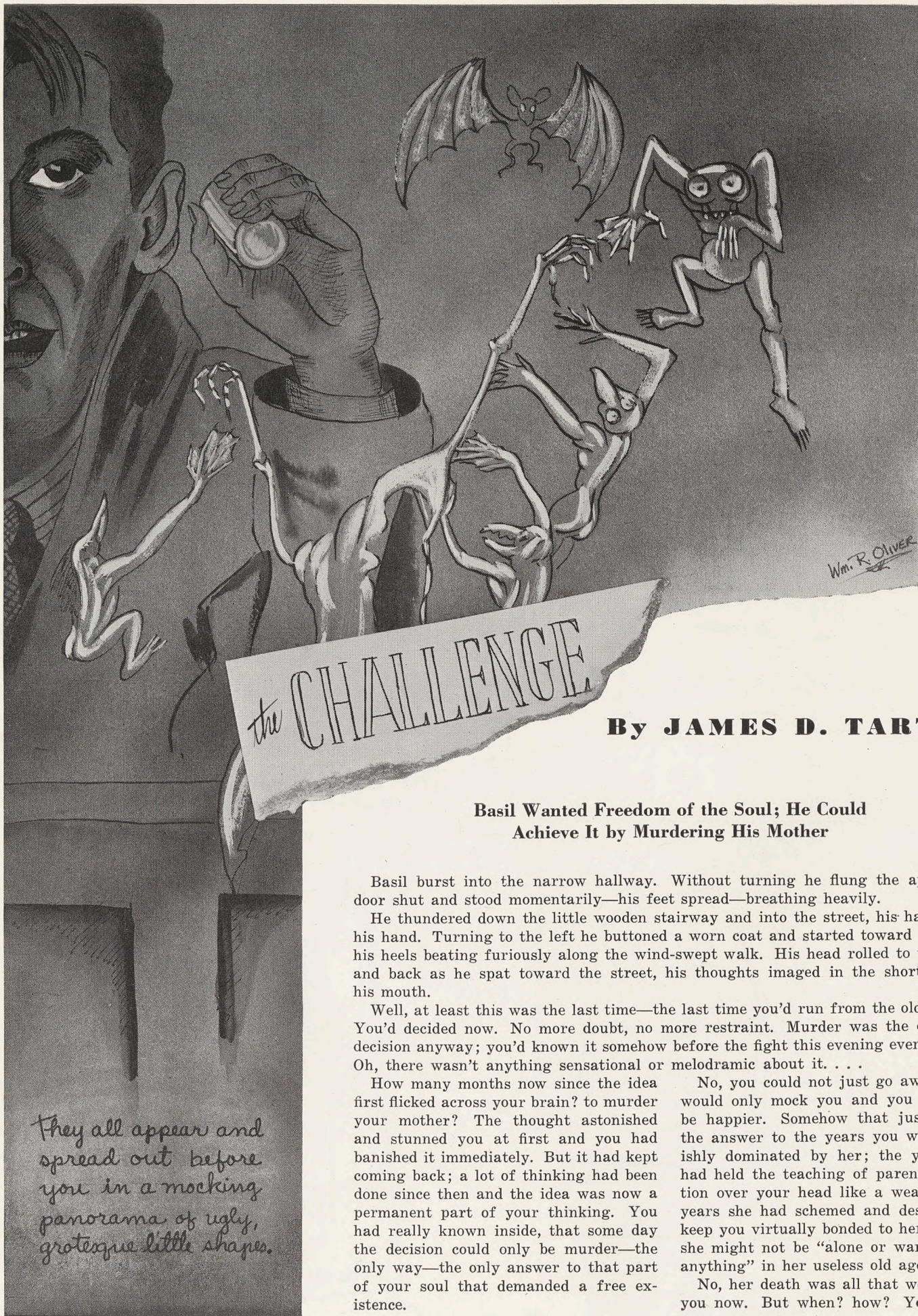
The Giraffe School



The-Nite-Before Advocate



On the Cuff



the CHALLENGE

By JAMES D. TART

Basil Wanted Freedom of the Soul; He Could Achieve It by Murdering His Mother

Basil burst into the narrow hallway. Without turning he flung the apartment door shut and stood momentarily—his feet spread—breathing heavily.

He thundered down the little wooden stairway and into the street, his hat still in his hand. Turning to the left he buttoned a worn coat and started toward Caesar's, his heels beating furiously along the wind-swept walk. His head rolled to the right and back as he spat toward the street, his thoughts imaged in the short curl of his mouth.

Well, at least this was the last time—the last time you'd run from the old woman. You'd decided now. No more doubt, no more restraint. Murder was the only real decision anyway; you'd known it somehow before the fight this evening even started. Oh, there wasn't anything sensational or melodramatic about it. . . .

How many months now since the idea first flicked across your brain? to murder your mother? The thought astonished and stunned you at first and you had banished it immediately. But it had kept coming back; a lot of thinking had been done since then and the idea was now a permanent part of your thinking. You had really known inside, that some day the decision could only be murder—the only way—the only answer to that part of your soul that demanded a free existence.

No, you could not just go away; that would only mock you and you wouldn't be happier. Somehow that just wasn't the answer to the years you were slavishly dominated by her; the years she had held the teaching of parental devotion over your head like a weapon; the years she had schemed and designed to keep you virtually bonded to her, so that she might not be "alone or wanting for anything" in her useless old age.

No, her death was all that would free you now. But when? how? You didn't

They all appear and spread out before you in a mocking panorama of ugly, grotesque little shapes.

know except that it had to be well planned (your drunks had revealed much to a lot of people)—and it had to be soon . . . very soon.

Basil's eyes caught the familiar reddish glow ahead. Through his racing anger he thought what a worn routine it all was. A rather monotonous sequence, always the same. He'd go to Caesar's and find the corner stool, and sit. He'd watch the drunks, and the whores, and the college kids—and the old people. Pretty soon he'd be drunk too and maybe laugh a little with the guy on the next chair. A few more after that to see him through the ordeal at home (she would be waiting), and he would leave; then the same damned preaching and weeping from his mother, a little sleep, work at eight and a throbbing head till noon.

Basil pushed the saloon door roughly, sullen now and scowling as he moved toward the corner. His seat was filled. He cursed, and found an empty at the center of the bar.

"Hi, Base . . . Draught?"

Basil nodded without looking. He knew the rasping falsetto belong to a fat, greasy little man called Caesar—small-headed Caesar with peanut eyes, and long, fleshy cheeks that surrounded a stagnant, oriental grin. "And a shot too, Caesar." Basil's glass started the familiar route from the bar to his mouth. It hesitated midway as Basil caught his reflection in the bar-mirror—a hated reflection. He hated it for a stinking coward. Four years of this and he hadn't yet the courage to free himself.

His mind backtreaded those four years to the day he had quit school to make a living for his mother. Sure, he'd study at night. Yeah, where was that now? Gone—long ago. Lost with all the other things that ever meant anything. Lost to his damned mother. Basil stared intensely through the bottom of the chipped glass, his lips drawn. The empty glass spun and tumbled with the gyrations of his hand. "Caesar!" Four years. They come to mind now—they always do—all the quarrels, the bickerings, and the countless petty things. They all appear and spread out before you in a mocking panorama of ugly, grotesque little shapes. The time—so long ago—when you were devoted to her. The compassion and love you felt when you thought of the years she worked as a waitress to raise you after your father died; how unconcerned, even happy, you were to get a job and look after her when your sister had so curiously refused to keep her any longer.

Yes, and then your coming of age, and the ensuing years of struggle with your-

self. Struggle with that stupid, deep-rooted instinct of love for her, and the feeling that swelled inside you when you looked at a pretty girl—or even thought of one—the feeling that lingered and wouldn't go away as it used to.

But you couldn't go out, no, she always thought of something to keep you in; to take care of her, to listen to her . . . oh, the nights you had to listen pleasantly to endless, senseless babble till you thought you'd explode and strangle that tiny voice that sat slowly rocking under the dim yellow light.

And then you did explode, but you ran outside—and went on your first drunk—and slept with your first woman. Then the scene at home, the first heart attack too. What a farce they were—a regular occurrence now, whenever needed. It had been like that ever since. You'd been running outside for a couple of years now . . . a lot more drunks, and each time finishing with the homecoming—denunciations, pleadings, whimperings.

LIFE

As the ocean falls at ebb tide,
As the muck sinks to form the marsh.
As the patient sundial routes our time,
So our lives move slowly by.

Like the earth at early morn,
The calm and peace before the dawn.
A brook transformed to roaring torrents,
A derelict drifting slowly on.

Phillip W. Cullinane.

How you had grown to hate the selfish, piteous old figure that shuffled about the tiny apartment, grasping, with a terror she tried desperately to hide, for a few more of the empty years. How pathetic her pretensions with her daily "guests," a solemn tight-lipped affair. Fitting companions, at least, you thought.

But worse, oh yes, worst of all you loathed her everlasting complaint; the everlasting comments, the advice, the admonitions; her refusal to leave your life alone. Then tonight she had to provoke another quarrel over your drinking and leaving her alone. Another heart-attack, you hadn't even stayed. Well, it would soon end, as soon as you could find a way. It was good to have it decided.

Basil felt better now, he felt good. It was as if the deed were already done, and he were free. He laughed aloud, and, though his tongue had thickened a little, it wasn't the liquor this time. He

flexed his legs and breathed deeply like a man freed from long confinement. He thrust his head up and let his eyes follow the dull, streaked wall around.

A foursome had entered and stood awkwardly by the door looking for a booth. Basil looked at the two girls, his mind innately selecting one. He tried to focus his eyes through the dappled, greyish smoke that weaved upward between them. It had increased since Basil came till now it rose from many little points, and snaked lazily to the low ceiling where it mushroomed and formed a thick, purplish cloud.

His eyes followed her as she moved to a table with the others. He watched the garish, ill-fitted skirt as it swirled about the knees. A white low-cut blouse was bunched into it—and Basil watched that too. He hadn't had a girl for months—hadn't wanted any—but now suddenly he wasn't sick of himself and his life any more and a woman meant something again.

For the first time since he entered he began to hear the juke, and the other familiar noise, muffled stories, a shrill laugh, the delayed ring of the cash register.

Basil recognized the man she was with now, a large awkward-looking dock-hand that everybody called "lotion-boy" in ironic respect for his tremendous hands, which became great flying red fists at the least whim of their owner. Basil hated lotion-boy for having provoked an embarrassing squabble once by asking Basil why his mama wasn't there to look after him. There wasn't much he could have done about it and would have been stupid to have tried. But it had cut deeply into an already undernourished ego that now yearned for revenge.

With little sobriety left, he returned his gaze to the girl, who had noticed it now and had become very interested in her companion's gesticulated conversation.

Glassily his stare traveled from the shoulder to a not too slimly tapered neck and across to the other shoulder, then down to a pencil-width of deep shadow. He followed it up as it thinned rapidly and radiated, and led him back to the throat.

The red fist hung like a weight from the massive arm that suspended itself before Basil's stool. He hadn't even seen lotion-boy get up. "Hey, Sonny," he belowered, "you're kinda careless with them eyes, ain'tcha? Ya better go home to mama—now!"

Basil was slouched in one of the rear booths when his brain began to clear. Caesar was bent over him. "Jesus, kid, he sure plugged ya. Ya okay?" Basil

sat dumbly, his thoughts whirlpooling. Caesar was proffering a soiled, red handkerchief. "Here, wipe your mouth, Base."

"Lemme alone, Caesar, lemme alone—go way, lemme alone." His face was numb, his stomach and chest burned as scattered thoughts assembled themselves. "Go home to mama, go home to mama." He flung his arm out violently as if to destroy the words that hammered in his brain. An angry passion overwhelmed him. Four years of shackled hate and passion became savagely alive. "Go home to mama, go home to mama." The sentence beat and dinned and echoed and lashed. Basil foamed within himself.

Now! The murder must be now—no longer a day, or a time, or an opportunity. He knew it must be now. He knew he couldn't breathe another hour without it as his fury ragged and swelled.

He bolted from the seat and out the heavy door into a cold wind. One thought consumed him as he strode and ran and stumbled the two blocks to the narrow stairway. How he wanted to feel the sensuous pleasure of the sickly, withered neck as he would grip it—the hated, fleshy body stiffening. Then it would grow tense, and then limp.

His hand grasped the last bit of rail fiercely as he vaulted the remaining steps and stood outside the door, panting, his eyes full and pin-pointed on the knob.

He seized it and kicked the door. There she was in the chair, with her back to him—waiting—as he knew she would be.

His mouth went terribly dry, and he breathed in great spurts, his hands trickling moisture. His stomach convulsed inward and his neck was taut, throbbing violently. His frenzied hands shot to the back of her chair and gripped it coldly—frozenly. The tiny bulb threw a pale, yellow light on the bent figure. She was saying something; Basil's head swam as he stood looking down on the old woman, his hands cemented to the back of the chair.

He knew he had lost.

Doctor: The best thing for you to do is to give up drinking and smoking, get up early every morning and go to bed early every night.

Beta: I don't deserve the best, Doc. What's second best?

Father—Are they very strict at school?

Son—Well, one fellow died in class and they propped him up until the lecture ended!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Man in the Mire

Dear Editor:

This reader has apparently been living in the mire of ignorance, for he thought that ELIOT was a magazine which devoted itself exclusively to fictional and humorous material. In the December issue, there was only one short story while there was a two page, Good-House-keepingish fashion spread. There were no jokes; there were two pages of editorials. And the number of articles written for the benefit of advertisers demoted ELIOT's literary standards to that of *Seventeen*.

Let's have fatter issues, more jokes, fewer editorials, and more humorous features.

B. W.

Sorority Gal?

Dear Editor:

The December issue of ELIOT surpassed even the excellent November edition! Orchids to you for a magazine full of lively articles and features. The coverage of campus gossip was excellent, and the unique presentation was most successful!

Keep up the good work

V. L.

Y Member?

Dear Editor:

What is this drivel I read in the ELIOT? *Between Belles!* You criticize *Student Life*, at least they discuss world affairs. The reader can pick up the newspaper without being confronted by the senseless and stupid chatter of who picked who up last night at Joe's. We are adults. Why don't you write to us?

S. S.

Business Woman?

Dear Editor:

I want to compliment you on your last issue of ELIOT. I enjoyed the material that I found in the issue very much—what there was was good, but it seemed as if there were almost as much advertising as copy.

Of course I realize that ads are important to a magazine like ELIOT that has to support itself out of the fund allotted to it sales both on Student Activity Ticket and single subscriptions, and advertising, but it seems that something could be done to enlarge the amount of copy without cutting the amount of advertising.

The quality's there but let's have some quantity.

Jane Anderson

Jinks: "How are you doing in your studies?"

Binks: "Derriere."

Jinks: "What do you mean?"

Binks: "Behind in French."

An unobtrusive gentleman in the museum was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in only a few strategically arranged leaves. The title of the picture was "Spring." Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped: "Well, what are you waiting for, autumn?"

They were driving down a country road late in the evening.

He: "You look lovelier every minute. Do you know what that's a sign of?"

She: "Sure, you're about to run out of gas."

And then there's the fellow who offered his girl a Scotch and sofa and she reclined.

"I would like some alligator shoes."
"What size does your alligator wear?"

The little child was sitting demurely on the couch watching her mother smoking a cigarette. Her little nose was wrinkled and in her pale blue eyes, there was an expression of childish disillusionment. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, she burst out in her quavering falsetto: "Mother, when the hell are you going to learn to inhale?"

"Takes guts to do this," said the little bug as he splashed against the windshield.

A Texan entered a saloon with his wife and three-year-old son. He ordered two straight whiskies.

"Hey, paw," asked the kid, "ain't maw a-drinking?"

Absent-minded sales girl as she kissed her date: "Will that be all, sir?"

Then there was the girl who wore only a cluster of strawberries to a fancy dress ball, and got herself into a heck of a jam.

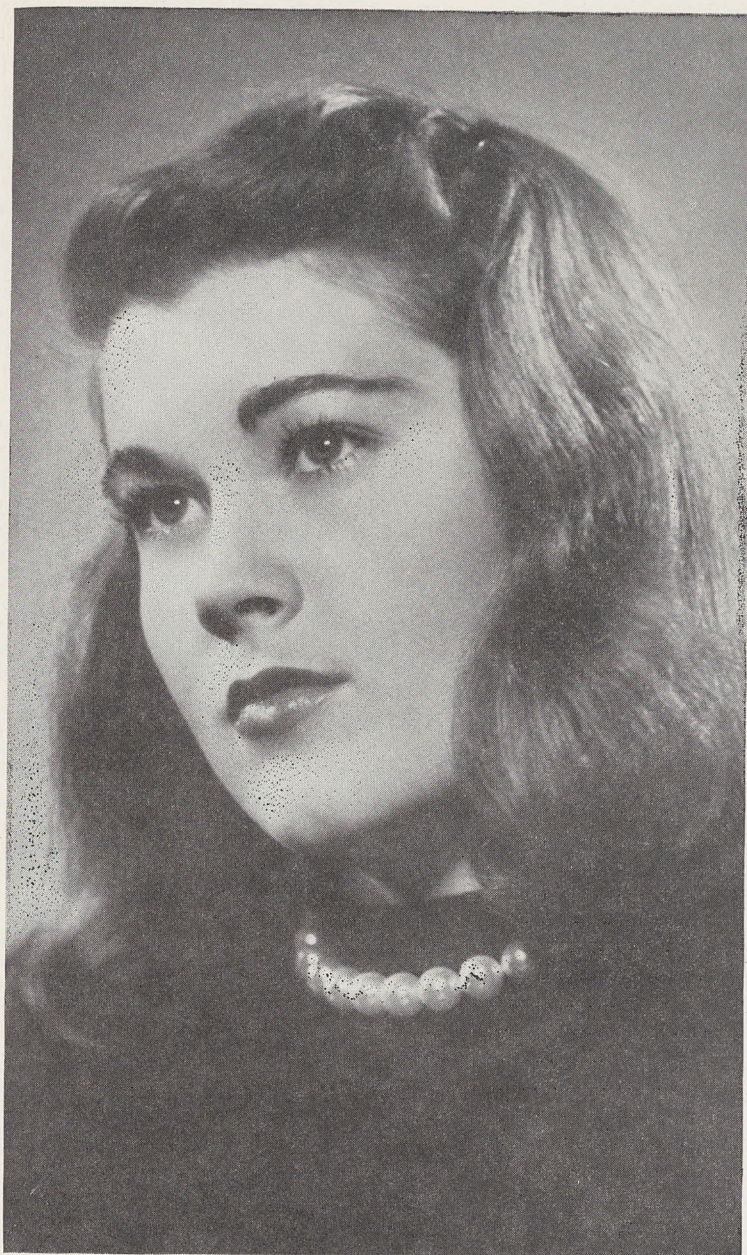
Eliot

Girl

of

the

Month



Gloria Gross

Blond Petite Gloria Gross answered the question of her pet dislike with a firm and definite "I can't bear rose corsages." A Pi Phi and an Art student, Gloria likes a man who is considerate, takes all responsibility, and above all, one who has a sense of humor. She loves chocolate ice cream and the color red. As to physical appearances of the opposite sex she is not particular but he has to be "just about right." For a small girl Gloria is quite active and will set her date a fast pace because she likes to roller skate, take long walks in the country, or dance for hours on end.

PROFILES



Mrs. Adele Chomeau Starbird is Dean of Women at Washington University. In the eyes of most of the students here she stands for convention, order, and propriety, and they think of her as the embodiment of these characteristics. One awed freshman told us: "My mother says that if Washington University girls would only pay attention to what Dean Starbird tells them and would follow her example, they would be as well equipped to face life as any girl from Vassar." Though Mrs. Starbird today is everything a Dean of Women should be, her life has been far from ordered, and she is still a woman of unusual and interesting tastes. "I am the world's best example of bad vocational guidance," she said. "If I had planned my life better it would have been a good deal easier, but not half so interesting."

When she was a pigtailed five-year-old, she was determined to be a professional musician. Her mother, who had had a good deal of musical training, gave her daughter daily piano lessons. Miss Chomeau continued her piano studies while attending Mary Institute, then on Lake and Waterman. When she graduated, she and her family agreed that four years of musical training in Europe would do away with the need for four years of college. Before going abroad, she made her musical debut in St. Louis. "Everybody was there," she said, "and they were all very nice." She was doing a little professional work (she smilingly

recalled the thrill she felt when she was asked to be soloist with the Belleville *Mannerchor* and received the magnificent sum of \$25.00 for her performance), when she became engaged to Robert S. Starbird, assistant professor in English at Washington University.

It was her innocence of conventional university prerequisites for courses which brought about her first meeting with her future husband. She was eighteen, and a student at Mary Institute, when she decided to take a college course. Completely ignorant of university procedure, she determined to start out with a class in the short story and went to see Mr. Starbird, the instructor of the short story course. He told her that he was sorry, but only talented juniors and seniors could enroll in his writing class, and suggested that she take Freshman English before she attempt the short story. However, he asked her to come back and talk to him again when she had thought the situation over.

As she was walking across campus after this fruitless interview, she met the principal of Mary Institute, a Mr. Sears. "Miss Chomeau," he said, "what are you doing out at the university?" She told him that she had tried to get into a story writing class, but that the teacher would not accept her because she did not have the prerequisites. Mr. Sears went home and wrote a letter to Mr. Starbird. When Adele Chomeau went to see the English instructor again, he told her he was going to let her take short story. "There is a conspiracy against me, though," he said. "I have had more requests to let you in this class as a special student. . . ."

She went on to Europe with a chaperon at the age of nineteen and continued her musical education for a year. Her father spent the last months of that year in France with her, and her fiancé joined them in Strasbourg after the full twelve months. He and Miss Chomeau were married in Strasbourg. Mr. Starbird had taken a year's sabbatical leave from the university and they spent it in study at the Universities of Strasbourg and Paris. Mrs. Starbird went on with her music study, kept house. . . . "Those were the days when you could live on practically nothing . . ." and attended all of her husband's classes with him, taking notes and translating them. They lived in the Latin Quarter . . . "about a block from the Sorbonne," she told us, "in one of those dingy little

French hotels. It was an experience—we were poor, but we went to the theatre often, saw the plays of Calderon and—oh all the great dramas, went to concerts . . . I went back there last summer to see if I could find the place. It had all changed. The buildings, the personnel, nothing was the same."

When Mr. Starbird died a year after their return to St. Louis she opened a music studio in the Euclid Building. But a few months later, Mr. Sears, the principal of Mary Institute, asked her to teach English part time. Soon she was teaching full time in the English department. She kept up her music teaching for a year, but gave it up when Mr. Sears asked her to be on the permanent staff of the Institute. However, she told the principal that she did not want to teach English. "What do you want to teach?" he asked. She told him French and taught that subject at Mary for two years.

Still Mrs. Starbird had taken no college courses. She decided that a degree would be helpful; so she went to Columbia and studied for five years. "I didn't plan that part of my life any more than the rest of it," she said. At Columbia, she got permission to take graduate courses in the French department. She said that she studied only in those fields which interested her. After her years at Columbia, she had a goodly number of advanced credit hours, but did not have the undergraduate requirements for an A.B. She came back to Washington and took the freshman courses necessary for "graduation." "My major? Heaven only knows what my major was! Modern languages, I guess you would call it. I had dabbled in Spanish and Italian and German, and there was, of course, my French."

Her love of France is partly inherited and partly a carefully fostered feeling. The Chomeau family came from France to St. Louis in 1843. Adele's father was born on 4th Street and spoke no English until he was eight years old. In time, he went to the University of Missouri and became a civil engineer, married, built a home at 311 N. Meramec (he laid out the town of Clayton), where Adele was born. He spent a good deal of time with his daughter. He taught her to read and write French before she went to school. "It was hard for me to learn to spell English," she said. "All my A's were ee's and my E's were ah's." Old Clayton residents still speak of the

(Continued on page 21)



books

The purpose of *The Memoirs of Hecate County*, as pointed out by Wilson, the author, was to write a book which would be banned not only in Boston, but in New York. He succeeded in his purpose. However, this reviewer thinks that Mr. Wilson must have been low in funds and tried to write a pot boiler. Which of these views is the true one is not important; certainly neither aim is of a very high caliber. Granted that it is not cricket to judge a book by its purpose, I still assert that the book is not of a high caliber either. True it has popular appeal and is a good seller, but it is not a landmark in the American short story, or short novel, which ever you prefer.

Hecate County is a set of three stories, two short ones and a longer one. It is written, in this reviewer's opinion, in a style which is quite reminiscent of D. H. Lawrence—without, however, Lawrence's

killed, but that he can not possess them. The remainder of the story is taken up in relating how the old man, after fruitless attempts to exterminate the snappers begins breeding them to make money by selling them in canned soup. He now possesses the turtles and sees in them great beauty. Their slow, sluggish movements he calls philosophical. The story is grim, sordid, cynical, and quite well done.

In contrast to this is the last tale, "The Princess with the Golden Hair." It is told in the first person and is merely the account of the teller's undercover affair with the wife of one of his acquaintances. It is interspersed with various incidents: his affair with a hostess in a cheap dance hall, his contraction of syphilis, his lack of sexual interest because of his ailment and the final consummation of his desires for his friend's wife, the Princess. The point was entirely lost to this reviewer. The hero's affair with the cheap wench from the slums might have had its point; the fact that girl had her own peculiar set of morals by which she abided rigidly,

fish in a barrel

ability. The reason for the great vogue of the book is not apparent until the last story. So if you're merely looking for the vulgar parts, start with the "Princess with the Golden Hair." My opinion is that the best writing, the part of real interest and insight, is the first story which deals with snapping turtles. As the title might suggest the thread that holds the tales together is the occurrence of each story in Hecate County, which is an imaginary Connecticut suburb, the kind about which you have heard in thousands of stories. It is the story of people who are on the surface conventional and civilized, but underneath are savage and completely indifferent to their fellowman.

The first story, again, is the best. It is the narrative of a greedy miserly man who has retired to live the rest of his life in Hecate County. He fancies himself a bird lover and has made a reservation of his pond for migrant wild duck. He is thwarted, however, by the snapping turtles. As he sits on his front porch he must watch the turtles snap at the ducks and drive them off. His fury and resentment are not that the birds are

her almost sisterly attitude toward him, her intense maternal yet objective affection for her little girl. To counteract this was the man's assuming lack of interest in a girl whom he considered greatly beneath himself and yet his passionate jealousy when he thinks she is unfaithful. However, all of this is incidental. It is because the whole story seems to be sensational incidents strung together that it gives the impression of being a sorry conglomeration of vulgar events.



movies

While we're on the subject of D. H. Lawrence and his trend, a book that shows Lawrence's superiority over the author of *Hecate County*, is his *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. If being banned is any claim to fame Lady Chatterley was banned entrance to the United States for a number of years. Since its first publication various versions have come out.

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The latest is *The First Lady Chatterley* which Frieda Lawrence, D. H.'s wife, brought out after his death as the original and unexpurgated manuscript. *Lady Chatterley* is the story of the wife of an English noble, and her love affair with her husband's game keeper. It is not the usual wife-betrays-innocent-husband, for the husband, impotent because of war injuries, urges her to have a child by some other man so that there will be an heir to the Chatterley fortune. The psychological reactions of the husband and wife as the situation develops are in the best Lawrence style.

Undercurrent starring K. Hepburn and R. Taylor seemed more like a slow meandering stream. Hepburn is actually such a shrewd actress it is rather odd that she would appear in a picture which was poor in matters of script, acting, and directing. It's the story that Orson Welles starred, produced, and directed in *The Stranger*. The old plot we have seen so many times: the man who is going to murder his wife. Of course, Hepburn finally figures out that she is about to be murdered. Then the fun begins: many shots of Taylor with his long face elongated and his mustache bristling; Hepburn dashing around in silk shirts and narrow slacks so that she can pace with great freedom. Affairs get tense then; the seeds of forthcoming events, so slyly sown that they're about as obvious as the falling of a ton of bricks, finally culminate. The end of this exciting saga is now at hand—the end which is the worst blow of all. Don't worry, it's happy. The bad man is done away with; good and love triumph.

jazzin

Norman Granz, in his quest to eliminate racial equality, has done a great deal in the fostering of good Jazz recordings. The latest "Jazz at the Philharmonic IV" is the best so far. All of them are great for that feeling of participation as the listener may hear the audience laugh at or applaud the performance of one of the men. The outstanding work in this album is that of Illinois Jacquet, King Cole (under the pseudo of "Shorty" Nadine), and Les Paul. All three are fine as soloists but Cole and Paul are outstanding in their work together, especially on part three of the "Blues." There is no trumpet work in the album, which is detrimental to the full effect of the ensemble. There is a common fault in all of the "Philharmonic" series in that the balance is

disturbed by the lack of some instrument or another.

Great things have been kicking up in the albums lately. Capitol has put out a thing by Stan Kenton and Disc has done something with the Jazz at the Philharmonic series. Kenton gave St. Louis a preview of his latest efforts when he was here in the fall. The whole album seems to be a crystallization of what the leader has been trying to express on his other records. "Artistry in Rhythm" is the title of the group of sides and that probably explains this style of music as well as any name that could be pinned to it. It is definitely a jazz idiom, but lacks the beat that makes the stuff truly what has heretofore been known as jazz music proper. The treatment seems to involve a modulation of chords to present a mood. The rhythm section merely fits in to emphasize the mood that the melody is expressing. There is a classical vein running through the group of waxings. They are not for dancing and will, to many people, be a letdown from "Eager Beaver" and some of the Kentonmen earlier hits. One of the least violent sides that is offered is "Willow Weep for Me." June Christy does a superb job in the vocal part of the record. A thing that we have heard to a great extent in his personal appearances but seldom get on the recorded effort is the effective use of a solo trombone. This is accomplished in a very relaxed manner on the "Willow" side and again by Kai Winding on "Ain't No Misery in Me." Christy's vocal on the latter does not exceed her work on other blues that she has done. On the blues her similarity to Anita O'Day is enough that there is a comparison possible, but Anita is much better in that sort of thing. The arranging in this album, mainly that of bespectacled Pete Rugolo, is very satisfactory. Other orchids should be given to Vido Musso and his tenor work, Eddie Safranski on the bass, and Shelly Mann at the skins. More power to Capitol records for their experiment into this type of music and others and to Stan Kenton for the wonderful way in which he has handled this new "Artistry in Rhythm."

Woody Herman and his herd put out a very pretentious 12 inch somewhat along the same line but with the arranging and direction of Igor Stravinsky (mentioned in this column last year). "Ebony Concerto" is, again, a struggle of experimentation. There is much to be desired in this work that Kenton has expressed adequately. In the "Artistry" album there is a relaxation with some understandable errors in instrumentalizing that are not detected in the stiff Herman Masterwork. Not only the Herd,

but Igor himself, have done much better work in their fields.

When Colman Hawkins was here with the Granz group, there was a definite show of disinterest in the manner in which he presented his efforts. This again comes to light in the latest Victor album, which features a group under his direction. There is an apathy there which is not easy to pass off as relaxation. The kick is not there. The other group in the album (Fifty Second Street) is under the dynamic direction of re-bop Dizzy Gillespie. His sides are spirited but so abandoned that they lose their force and the listener may be reminded that Woody Herman has some waxings which are infiltrated with the same style—but with finesse.

Hoagy "Huggin' and Chalkin'" Carmichael has had a book published under his name titled "Stardust" which is great fun. Hoagy does not insert all the anecdotes that are prevalent on the campus at Indiana University, but those that he does let out are enough till his biography is written.

Mal Topping



classics

Beethoven's *Sonata No. in C minor, op. 13, the Pathétique*

Erno Balogh (Vox)

Rudolf Serkin (Columbia)

Bach's *Cantata No. 106, Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit*

G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor
(Technicord)

Brahms' *Sonata in E flat major, op. 120, No. 2*

Benny Goodman, clarinetist

Nadia Reisenberg, pianist (Columbia)

Franck's *Symphony in D minor*

Philadelphia Orchestra

Eugene Ormandy, conducting

The list of recent releases is indicative of the fact that the conflict, the origins of which can be traced back to "the year One," is still active. This tug of war between the recording companies who uphold the doctrines of the old stand-bys and the musicians and their friends in music, who advocate the principles of the unknown works of the masters, always ends in the subordination of the side of the artists. If this were not true, there would be no way of accounting for such things as the Franck D minor Symphony, the Tchaikovsky Nutcracker suite and his Symphony No. 5 finding

their way to new performance for records.

Usually, it takes a layman with long musical experience to really appreciate a sonata, yet Beethoven's C minor has a beauty anyone can sense. Two of Beethoven's most original and powerful contributions to the art of music are evidenced in this terrific sonata composed in his middle period when he had found his element. The first of these two contributions is the first movement of titanic and elemental struggle which is also discernable in his third ("Eroica"), fifth, and ninth ("Choral") symphonies. Beethoven's second contribution is his second movements which Robert Schaufler eloquently calls, "the ethereal slow movement of mystic exaltation." The first theme of the second movement of this sonata is one of the most beautiful in all musical literature.

Both Rudolf Serkin and Erno Balogh have made recordings of this great work, which, typical of the time in which it was written, allows virtuosity to display itself. Mr. Balogh gives a tasteful performance, playing with a sensitive, personal approach so desirable in a reading of Beethoven. However, it is unfortunate that his work appears simultaneously with Serkin's, since the latter happens to be one of the greatest pianists at large, and true to the Serkin touch, his performance has everything—style, feeling and depth.

The sudden revival of enthusiasm in this sonata can be mainly attributed to the recent British film "The Seventh Veil," at which time the beautiful theme of the andante cantabile is heard. There are no adjectives for music like that.

G. Wallace Woodward, better known as "Woody" is one of the most enthusiastic music directors Harvard has ever had. Here he gathers twenty-one of his boys and girls together (from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society) and adds to this vocal group a chamber orchestra of seven. The result is a penetrating performance that approximates the instrumental and vocal proportions of Bach's time.

The astonishment which greeted Benny Goodman's invasion into the classical field has subsided now as his second attack in the form of Brahms' E flat major Sonata is released. Here he collaborates with Nadia Reisenberg, pianist, whose playing is polished and matured. The combination of Brahms, Goodman, and Reisenberg, different as they are, nevertheless, results in a good performance.

It would be interesting to know how many times Franck's Symphony had been played and recorded. With the reg-

ularity of a pendulum, companies release this symphony, proving the point mentioned above: record companies are in the commercial business, and as such, they record the known money-makers. These they record, record, and record.

IT'S LUCKIES ONE FOR ONE

"L. S./M. F. T." "Raleigh offers you proof positive"—"More doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette"—all clever advertising aimed, of course, to win over smokers. "How successful has this campaign been among college students?" This question was to be answered by the poll I conducted between classes last week.

As I fought my way through the Quad Shop, I spied Joe Dean, Washington's ace hurler. Joe was showing some admiring fans his spit ball. "I hate to interrupt, Joe," I said, "but the public is always interested in knowing which cigarette you ball players smoke. What's your favorite brand?"

"On the diamond," he said, "it's Pall Malls 7 to 5."

"Why is that, Joe?"

"Why anyone who reads the cigarette ads knows that all good ball players smoke on the diamond. I figure that king size are 20% more visible from the stands."

"And off the diamond?"

"Luckies will do, Bill," he said as he helped himself to a cigarette I was about to light. As I moved away, Joe began warming up in the bull pen.

"Anita Heinrichsmeyer," I cried, bowing courteously to last year's Hatchet Queen and Stix-Baer & Fuller model who was slipping by me. "May I ask you a question?"

"It was a mauve gown, trimmed jauntily in chartreuse ruffles, the bustle—"

"No, no, this is a cigarette poll. What do glamorous models smoke?"

"Oh, I don't smoke."

As I cupped my incredulous ear, she laughed softly, "Those cigarettes you've seen me balancing in the style shows are Mavrakos candy. It's part of the decor-chic, you know." Then she threw back her head, smiled sweetly, turned around a few times and disappeared.

I was looking around for another campus celebrity when a weak voice hailed me from the corner of the Quad Shop. It was Whizzer White, the Law School's most tenacious senior. "Can the chit-chat, Whiz," I said, "and tell me

what you deep-thinking lawyers smoke and why."

"In the law business," hammered Whiz, "You've got to be independent. That's why we law students roll our own." I heard the class bell jangle, and I had to go. I said so long to Whiz and started dejectedly through the Quad. It was then the idea hit me—the real answer to my poll. I dashed into the Quad Shop Office. "I'm taking a cigarette poll," I said to a young lady, "which is the most popular brand sold in the Quad Shop?"

"No one," she replied, "it's a three way tie—Luckies, Camels, and Chesterfields."

Bill Stuckey

Prof-files

(Continued from page 18)

little Chomeau girl, sitting on the lawn, reading Racine with her father.

She still loves France and things French. She said that it was odd, her father who had, possibly unwittingly, inculcated her with her feeling for the land of his parents, was almost aggressively American when he came to France to be with her before her marriage. Her own fondness for France has never wavered and largely dictated the subject of her doctorate, "Feminist Problems in the French Novel." For she knew that much of the work on that topic would have had to be done in France. "I thought I chose rather cleverly. But of course the war spoiled that little plan and I doubt if I ever get the degree now." She has been in France a total of eight times.

Language study is, to Dean Starbird, one of the most important fields of college study. She thinks it is enriching and valuable, that it leads to a greater understanding of culture, history and art than do many other fields of study. Yet when she came to Washington University in 1931 it was not as a teacher of French but as Dean of Women. She had gotten her A.B. degree here, and went to take a master's in Philosophy under Dr. Cory. She was interested in philosophy she said, and had taken a few courses at Columbia which led up to her M.A. After taking the position of Dean of Women, she went back to Columbia and took courses in personnel and guidance because, as she said, "Here was another job I didn't know anything about."

Dean Starbird almost always counsels girls to go ahead and get their degrees. She says that it can be done the way she did it, but that, although her life might make more interesting reading than most, it had been a good deal harder.

THROUGH COLLEGE ON A PONY

If you are a procrastinator, the type of student who puts off his work all semester and then suddenly realizes that it is the night before an exam and he hasn't even "cracked a book," then be not distressed. Put an end to frustrated attempts to learn half a semester's work in one evening. Avoid last-minute-cramming by cheating. The methods are simple, and not much preparation is required. It takes comparatively little effort to make a "crib." There are even methods of cheating that require no advanced preparation at all. It's very simple if you are both cautious and wise. Pay close attention to these suggestions.

For members of the weaker sex, there is an age-old method which has long been the subject of comic cartoons that even people who never went to college can enjoy. Some of you have probably seen drawings in magazines, or perhaps heard anecdotes, of the stiff old college professor who suspects that one of his feminine students has a "pony" in her stocking. At first he is too embarrassed to say anything about it. When he finally gets up enough courage to accuse her of cheating, she makes him wish he had not mentioned it at all, for she pulls her skirt about six inches above the knee, the one that doesn't hold the "crib," of course, to convince him that nothing is there but a shapely thigh. The whole class is aware of the incident by this time, and the poor professor is blushing so profusely that he forces the issue no farther; and the girl resumes copying from her "crib" into her blue-book the minute he turns his back. This is about the safest method of cheating for women students who have a male professor or proctor. Simply slip the notes under your stocking just above the knee. Cross your legs, and you've got the answers. However, I wouldn't try this one when a woman proctors the exam, for she might have pulled this trick herself when she was in college.

A device practical for men, as well as women, is the scroll, which was probably used by contemporaries of my grandfather when he was in college. The information is written on a long, narrow strip of paper that is rolled around a pair of toothpicks. With a bit of practice you can become so adept at handling the scroll that you will be able to maneuver it with one hand as you write with the other. You can unwind the paper from the proper toothpick until you come to the information you need. After you have copied the answer to the

one question, then go on to the next, always winding the paper onto the second toothpick as you unroll it from the first. The process can be controlled by the fingers of the left hand. The scroll then fits neatly into the palm of that hand while the answers are being copied.

One of the safest places to put a "crib" is in a bluebook. Since you have to provide your own examination books for all tests except finals you might as well take advantage of it. If you have a list of dates or a number of formulas that you failed to memorize, then write them in your blue-book in pencil. After you have finished the exam it is an easy matter to erase the "crib." Be certain, however, that you use a soft pencil. And don't press hard. I tried using chalk for the purpose when I was at Missouri U. a couple of years ago. Chalk erases from the blackboard so easily that I didn't think I would have any trouble rubbing it off the paper with my finger-tips. Did I get fooled! The more frantically I pressed my fingers across the pages the more nervous I got, as I saw how slowly it was coming out. And the more panicky I got, the more my hand perspired, thus making the chalk almost permanent. For two weeks, until I got my grade, I "sweated it out." I had to hold my breath that the professor would be sitting under a bad light when he graded the examinations.

There are other methods of cheating beside making a "pony." One of the most popular is copying from your neighbor. If your test is given in a lecture-room then the best thing to do is to try and sit in the row behind an A student, and one seat to the right of him. If his writing is large it is an easy matter to peer over his shoulder and read his paper. Every student is familiar with this practice. We often saw it being done back in grade school days. The only hitch is that mistakes, as well as correct answers, are copied.

The open-book method of cheating, although one of the most effective, is also one of the most risky; and so one has to be sly to carry it out successfully. The ideal set-up is to get a seat in the very last row so that anyone watching over the class will be in front of you most of the time, and you can tell whether or not he is looking in your direction. Your

book can be placed on your lap, at your feet, or in the empty seat on either side of you. Then it is simple to thumb through the pages until you find the answer you are looking for. There is no doubt that the information will be accurate since it comes straight from the text. You even have the index to help you. Watch out for proctors, though, for it would be quite impossible to convince the faculty of your honesty if you were caught with your book open during an exam.

You can see now how very simple it is to cheat. And you know that it will probably raise your grade a great deal. So why not try it? It takes much less time than studying does, and you don't have to clutter your mind with a lot of dull facts. In addition, your classmates will admire you and look up to you as a leader if you can put something over on the faculty.

Take my word for it. It's really a snap! I go out almost every night of the school year and have a perfectly wonderful time being frivolous, while others are being studious. In this way I never have to miss a party or a date. I simply practice these methods for cheating. And I know they will always work because I'm a senior, and I have tried and tested them for four years.

How am I doing? Oh, I'm on probation!

Shirley Glubok.

Suitor: "Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?"

Father: "Trot your wife around and I'll see."

"Melvin! Melvin!"

"What, Ma?"

"Are you spitting in the fish bowl?"

"No, Ma, but I'm coming pretty close."

Pa: I think I'll go downstairs and send Nancy's young man home.

Ma: Now, Elmer, remember the way we used to court.

Pa: Yeah, out he goes.

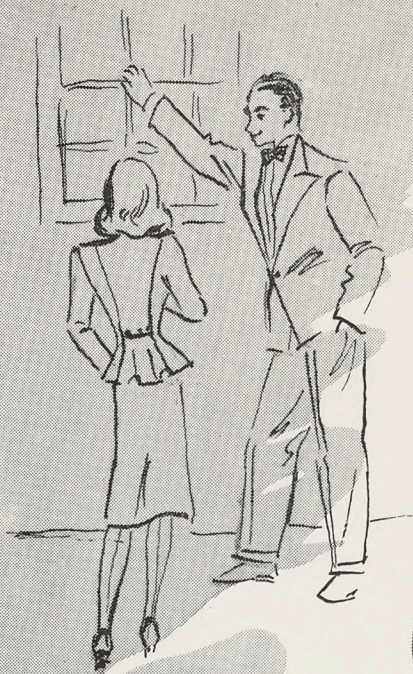
King Arthur: "I hear you have been misbehaving."

Knight: "In what manor, sir?"

And then there's the cutie who stepped out with a lumberman and ended up with a little shaver.



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ONE HOUR TEST

EDITOR'S NOTE: We have heard many reports of the easiness of business school courses. To substantiate these reports, we are reprinting a simple one hour quiz, recently given in the Business Law course at Washington University.

Answer all questions as fully as your time will allow.

I. Define and identify each of the following: (1) Estoppel; (2) certiorari; (3) nudum pactum; (4) demurrer; (5) replevin; (6) curator; (7) executor; (8) administrator; (9) guardian; (10) stare decisis.

II. List, explain and illustrate the various ways that an offer may be terminated. Define option contract, and explain as fully as you can the law respecting option contracts.

III. List, explain and illustrate the various ways that an offer may be made effective thus creating a contract. What are the rules of law in Missouri and Tennessee, respectively, in regard to the existence of a contract when the offer and acceptance have been transmitted through the Western Union Telegraph Company? Explain fully.

IV. Distinguish bilateral and unilateral contracts? Discuss the enforceability of each in the courts, and the rights and liabilities of parties in each case. The board of directors of the XY Corporation decided to install an air conditioning unit in the Company's office, and advertized for bids in the local newspapers. In all, five sealed bids were received, of which A's was the lowest by \$176.47. Nevertheless the Board awarded the contract to B. A now sues the XY Corporation for damages on breach of contract. Analyze the case and write an opinion. Explain the law in the case.

V. A borrowed \$500.00 from B on his 90-day promissory note at 6 per cent per annum from date until paid. To guarantee the payment of the note when due A gave to B a chattel mortgage on his car, which was duly executed and recorded with the recorder of deeds office. When the note became due and payable A was unable to meet his obligation, so he wrote B a letter in which he asked for a 60-day extension agreeing to pay B 8 per cent interest from date instead of the 6 per cent. B brought suit for collection one month after it was originally due and failing to collect now begins foreclosure proceedings under the chattel mortgage. A claims that the extension is valid and attempts to enjoin B from such action. Analyze the case and write an opinion.

VI. A made B a written offer to sell his house for \$15,000 in which it was stated that the offer would remain open for one week from date. The next day A changed his plans and made great efforts to find B, in order to revoke his offer. He finally sent a letter of revocation to B's house, which was delivered there. B, however, had closed his house and left town, without leaving any forwarding address. Within the week B mailed his acceptance of A's offer being in ignorance

of A's attempt to revoke it. The acceptance was duly received. Is there a contract?

VII. Defendant, without any consideration therefor, gave plaintiff a 30-day written option, not under seal, to purchase certain land for \$10,000. Within the 30 days, plaintiff notified defendant of plaintiff's election to take the land and tendered the money, together with a conveyance which he requested defendant to execute, but defendant refused.

(a) Was plaintiff entitled to specific performance, and why, or why not?

VIII. (a) B gives to traveling salesman of A an order for a bill of goods, which order the salesman forwards to his employer. Before A acknowledges receipt of the order, he receives from B a letter countermanding the order. Has A any cause of action against B?

(b) If, in the above case, the order had been signed by B, and had contained a provision that it was subject to approval by A and not subject to countermand by B, would the result be changed?

IX. A, being the owner of a piece of real estate and being desirous of selling the same, gives a real estate broker a description of the property and states that he will sell it for \$5,000, one-half cash and one-half the purchaser's note, secured by a mortgage on the property. The broker finds a customer ready and willing and able to purchase on the terms stated. The broker reports to A what he has accomplished, stated that the customer is ready to sign a written agreement of purchaser and sale, and asks A to sign such an agreement. A replies that he has changed his mind about selling and declines to sign any agreement. The broker demands the usual broker's commission of 2 per cent, and upon A's refusal to pay, brings suit. Can the broker recover anything, and, if so, what is the rule of damage?

X. A gave the following letter to C, addressed to B: "This will introduce to you C, who desires to purchase about \$1,000 worth of merchandise. If you will let him have the goods, I will guarantee the payment of this bill to the amount of \$1,000." C presented the letter June 1st, and B sold and delivered to him the goods desired. The same day A discovered that C was heavily in debt, and at once wrote to B, withdrawing the proposal. June 2nd B dictated a letter to A, advising him of the sale to C in reliance on his guaranty; before the letter was typed and sent, he received the letter of revocation from A, C is insolvent. Can B hold A and why?

QUESTIONS OMITTED ARE COUNTED AS WRONG